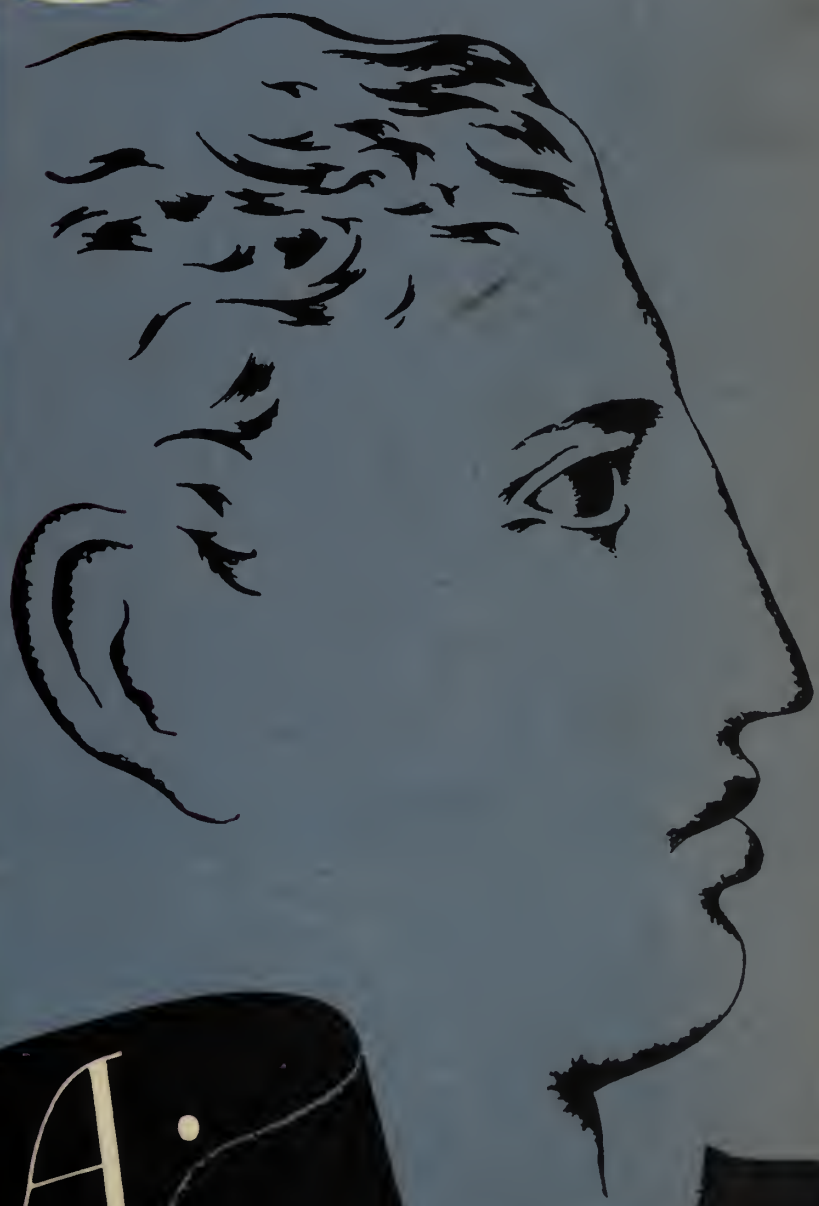


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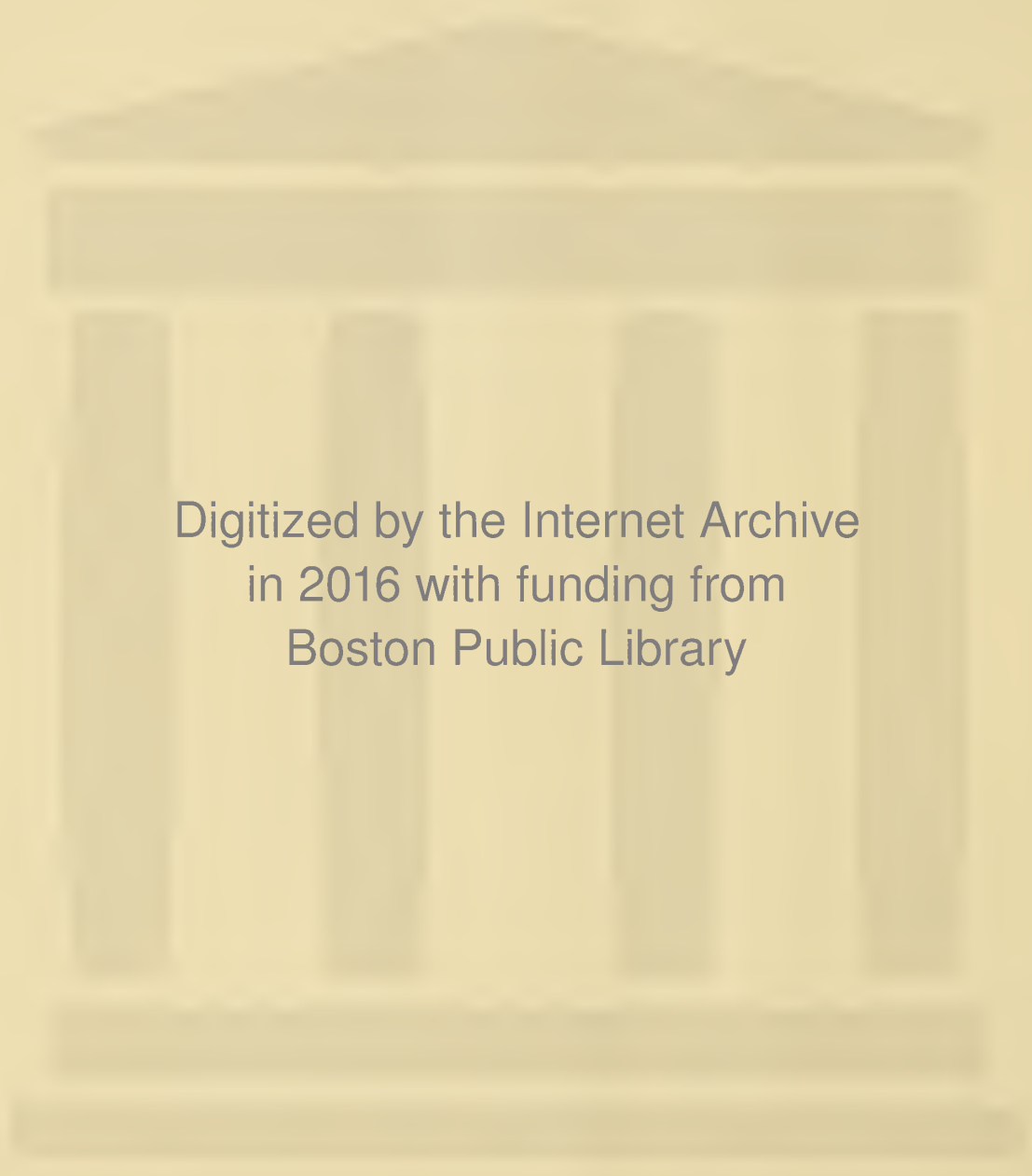


M.S.A.  
Annual

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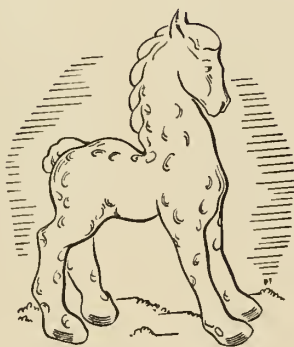


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MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

# *Annual*



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT

## *Dedication*

*T*O our unfailing source of security, quieting us in our confusion, encouraging us with a word of praise, teaching the solving of problems, diverting us with a lively sense of humor, insisting we think for ourselves, —our mentor and valued friend, MR. FRED J. THOMPSON, we dedicate this book with sincere admiration.



*Fred Thompson*



"LATE AFTERNOON, ROCKPORT"

*Mr. Fred Thompson*

*Faculty*

Charles Edward Newell



PRESIDENT OF M.S.A.  
State Director of Art Education  
We think, as we work through  
untroubled days, that we are blessed with an  
inestimable president. He makes no startling  
proclamations or disturbing innovations. If  
we are aware of him it is because the spirit  
of agreement in our corridors speaks for him,  
and in his jeweled office there is a spirit of  
abiding beauty.



*Mary Edna Murray*

**D**EAN AND REGISTRAR

Magnetic and tiny and flashing a smile, Miss Murray shoulders our worries and fosters our ambitions. Enthusiastically enterprising, she promised us music and dancing and festival; and, behold, they have come to pass. With appreciation for her competent solution of old problems, and gratefulness for her inauguration of new pleasures, we welcome our dean.

### FRANK LEONARD ALLEN

Head of Design Department

He tells us all about Picasso and Roosevelt and Kwan-yin; and through the lively telling runs his Jovian sense of the mystery and vastness of life, his conviction that the world does not end at our doorsteps. His face is like a Chinese mask — impassive, impenetrable; and from behind gleam two mischievous laughing eyes.



### J. MACE ANDRESS

Psychology

When Dr. Andress comes into class, all eager and brisk and ruddy, he appears to be the soul of open-heartedness. But we suspect him of a canny showmanship. He fascinates us with words like myxedema and dementia precox, while he gives us a wholesome, prosaic understanding of the normal curve of distribution.



### ZELLA BUCKINGHAM

Elementary Drawing, Oil Painting

She is a fundamental person. It might seem to some outsider hearing her gentle voice and hesitant corrections that she is unsure. She has, rather, the quiet unassertiveness of the person who knows that he is right. We find that the few things that she tells us are the few important things.



### THERON I. CAIN

Elementary Drawing, Perspective, Instrumental Drawing, Civic Art

From behind an entanglement of T-squares comes a genial "Good morning," and it is Mr. Cain, with the kind eye of horrid tick-strippish accuracy. "I know a little rule," he says. Perhaps it will prove invaluable like his "little lines we put in just to show that we thought about it."





ARTHUR CORSINI

Water Color Painting

Our water color room is a kaleidoscopic place of changes. Sometimes there are quick poses, and sometimes bright flowers, or dark bottley groups. Mr. Corsini slips quietly about changing buttercups for buns. Once in a while he speaks a shy word of encouragement, and tries a mat temptingly over an undecided painting.



CYRUS E. DALLIN

Modeling

Each year that we have "Cyrus the Great" we think less entirely about his Indian masterpieces. He becomes beloved to us because of his immediate skill and criticisms and humor. "Make it go round!" he cries, vigorously punching our clay; and under our very eyes a nose "exists" and a forehead becomes "juicy."



GENEVIEVE B. FAIRFIELD

Costume Design

Slim and young and charming, she influences as much by precedent as by her suggestions for a neater, trimmer, more stylish appearance. To the costume designers she is an exemplar of chic, marvelously only a little older than themselves; and they relish her, too, because she talks and acts like one of them.



MARTHA M. FLINT

Costume Design and Pattern Drafting

To find Miss Flint one has to brave an intricate array of padded forms and entailing swathes of cloth in that crowded, teeming room from which she emerges only for triumphs at fashion shows and pageants. Here is born common garb, and silk of kings, and wings of angels.

### PATRICK GAVIN

Perspective, Life Drawing and Painting, Artistic Anatomy

We have a great respect for Mr. Gavin, the extremely energetic Mr. Gavin, who is rather fun to tease and doesn't mind. And we admire the unconscious grace with which he flips the skeleton's feet and makes principal visual rays out of window sticks balanced on his eye. But he wears us all out.



### E. WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON

Figure Drawing, Still-Life Painting and Composition

Mr. Hamilton has an immense selflessness. He tells us tales about himself, innumerable, strange, foreign, glittering tales, but they all go to prove a moral, that our vision is peculiar or our colors treacherous. Monkey-glass, paints, stories, demonstrations, all go to the same end, to make us draw like the old masters.



### EDWIN A. HOADLEY

Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Drawing, Composition

Sometimes we wonder which is more puzzling, dynamic symmetry or the prestidigitary Mr. Hoadley. The dynamic is forever slipping away, but we never catch Mr. Hoadley in his tricks. He is the master of skullduggery. We are continually amazed at his blackboard drawing, dazed by his hypnotizing,—and enraged by his puns.



### WALTER W. JAMISON

English Composition and Literature

His lectures are swift progressions,—perhaps from Cornwall, through water dogs, to Tristan and Isolde, to give us a rich background for a poem. Eventually there are tests. And sometimes Mr. Jamison must feel as though he is out on the end of the Golden Bough, and sawing away at it.





## ALBERT STEARNS KENDALL

Architecture, Perspective

Shades of the Parthenon! Here are shades indeed, and projected onto curved columns and all over volutes and architraves in a manner completely inexplicable until Mr. Kendall takes our pencil, and estimates a quarter-inch—estimates a quarter-inch! and plots a shadow with consummate skill and amusement at our helplessness.



## EMMA P. LENNON

Design

Color vies with design, not only in her work but in Miss Lennon's vivid personality. Black hair and eyes give her a striking appearance; and just such a combination of black and red and white, along with their interesting patterns, makes the designs that decorate her walls so arresting.



## ERNEST L. MAJOR

Composition, Figure Drawing, Still-Life Drawing and Painting

Rich purple words and bountiful words belong to Mr. Major, "minister plenipotentiary" and "defender of the faith"—words that can fittingly describe our vehement instructor who says, "Never laugh because you are ashamed to weep." Wisdom and ridicule, and then he smiles wonderfully at us and we know that he is kind.



## LAURIN H. MARTIN

Metalcrafts

In the midst of the whirring emery wheels and blow-torches in the fummy metalcrafts room are contrived fragileness and frailness, incongruous also beside Mr. Martin, who would like to tell us about his automobile. He is an unobtrusive hoverer over our cooking enamel-work and a respecter of our personal ideas,—altogether an amiable Cellini.

## ELLA MUNSTERBERG

Art History, Current Arts

"You see I just take you along on my little hops and starts," says Miss Munsterberg, with her young-old-wise and utterly knowing look. "How broad-minded can you be? Ye-es, I see what you mean. We want to be broad-minded, of course, but if you're too broad you're just a pan-cake I suppose."



## LEO O'DONNELL

Life Drawing, General Illustration

His role of appreciator is almost unique. One has to have an eye for situations, and spend hours of apprehensive dalliance in libraries, and be as sentimental as a flowered waistcoat before he can heap his wheelbarrow full of books—in the Woollcott manner—and cry, "Who'll buy, who'll buy my violets?"



## OTIS A. PHILBRICK

Head of Drawing and Painting Department

Here, here is sanctuary! No medieval fortress ever opened doors more unobjectively to the persecuted. He regards us quizzically sometimes, but he touches our drawings with a gentle finger. As G. K. Chesterton said of Browning, "the sense of the absolute sanctity of human differences is the deepest of all his senses."



## LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS

Crafts

Here is the smell of the glue-pot and wet raffia, and the sound of scissors, and Miss Phillips busily explaining things and looking as though she hardly expects us to understand. But we suspect that she has a secret sympathy with irresponsibility. She listens skeptically to our excuses, but with a nice appreciation.





### RAYMOND A. PORTER

#### Head of Modeling Department

When Mr. Porter says, "Gather round, people," we desert our heads down in the modeling rooms, to hear about decoration through the ages or Pueblo houses, or—"what-not." Usually, though, he regales us while we work with history and literature and inexhaustible interesting descriptions of his travels in many lands.



### GUSTAVE NILS ROUBOUND

#### Advertising Design

He storms in from the office on Tuesdays and Thursdays, demands fresh air and legitimate type faces, and then settles down docilely to discover what the designers have been doing and wonder why they did it. He possesses an endearing smile and looks entertainingly anxious when he thinks we're laughing at him.



### MARY M. RUGG

#### Costume Advertising and Illustration

There is always fun in the costume illustration room. It is no wonder that the fashion sketches done in her room are so clever and sparkling. They get their esprit from Mrs. Rugg, and are drawn in the up-to-date techniques that she finds out about almost as soon as they appear.



### JOHN B. SHARMAN

#### Advanced Drawing

He gives us devastating criticisms, groping for the pencils and soft erasers that every one is holding out to him, remarking with a sidewise look at us out of a mild sardonic eye that, if the paper were flatter or the pencil point longer,—and then breaking down completely and shaking with silent laughter.

### FRED J. THOMPSON

Elementary Drawing, Color Harmony, Design

"Tommy" first gets us full of enthusiasm over his new problem. Then he brings out those impossibly good plates that the class before us did. "You're going to do me some better ones," he says. And such is the power of his eye that we go to work actually believing him.



### EFFIE B. WHITTET

Librarian, Library Methods

She sits competently among her books, and is the gracious guardian of those tables to which we go in frantic haste. From her perpetual court of appeals in the room of plans and investigations, she sends us with sympathy and bandages, withdrawing our souls "from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition."



### AMY R. WHITTIER

Head of Teacher Training Department

Miss Whittier is a perfect example of what every art teacher should be, beautifully groomed, pleasant, and infinitely wise in the history of education and informed about the newest developments. We should like to copy her agreeable manner, her competence, — and her script writing. Under her training there will always be fine teachers.



### ISABELLA T. DAMRELL

School Secretary

In her particular office of remembering where President Newell is and knowing whether he is busy, this quiet twinkly-eyed lady gives out a constant bulletin to a stream of questioners. But we ask her for extra notices, too, and all sorts of things, confident of her interest and her pleasant answer.





### EILEEN M. KELLY

Dean's Clerk

It is to Mrs. Kelly that we all go, guilty and spotless, to ask if—if we may see the dean. To those who are about to enter, her smile is heartening, and to those who are departing, sad and wise, her bright smile is a promise that there is always hope.



### MARGARET C. WOLAHAN

Bookkeeper, Stenographer

With the same agreeableness, she finds us catalogues and keys and N.Y.A. checks. Even the third lost locker key brings us no rebuke. Her tolerance simply grows deeper and more imperturbable as each new flock of incorrigibles wonders if it should pay its tuitions here, and has she seen a pocketbook.

### LILAH M. VAUGHAN

Sociology

Dr. Vaughan, flashing in to see us only too infrequently with her red hair and smart black and white hats, is an immensely busy person, writing books and lecturing. She gives us a really applicable course in sociology, using an abundance of examples from real life to illustrate her points.



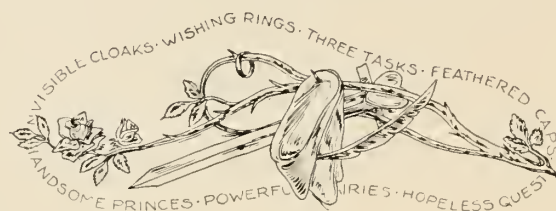


## Snow White

AFTER half a year of anxious publicity, there came at last the moment when “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs” began, when the curtain was raised, when the book was opened to “Once upon a time”. All over the audience apprehensive artists and youngsters beside them moved closer on the edges of their chairs; for they both had much at stake. If it were possible for paint and ink to create national legendary heroes as the camera did, Snow White was to prove it. And applause for Snow White, more than the applause of all the children who had ever clapped for Tinker Bell since Peter Pan was born, was to determine whether or not the fairies should live. It was a hushed expectant moment.

Fairy tales, like all legends, and like sunlight and laughter and the four seasons, are common property; they belong to all of us, to do with as we like. They are no more than outline, a framework for us to build on; and we spend our dreaming hours rounding them and filling in the long descriptive passages, bringing to them all the fancy and the music and invention we possess. What the reader imagines has ever been more important than what the

writer says, and the fairy tale is wise to briefly tell what happens and let the reader do the rest. For unless the writer be some wise Thoreau who, knowing the woods better than we, leads unerringly to butter-cups and berry patches, it is tiresome folly to dog his heels on the road, stepping carefully into his footprints, while magic entices in bypaths and fancy beckons us afield. And set against a common story thus laboring dully over what the writer says and how he felt and what he saw, the fairy tale is a sparkling splendor of concise enchanted words, phrases of enormous implication, and sentences like Bacon's that embrace a lifetime.



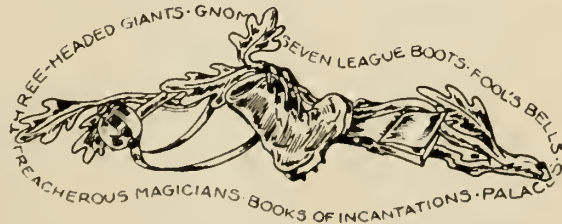
So we read fairy tales, come back to them again and again as to the best. The last of the fairies, waving her wand gently over all, gave them the power of light in a dark world; and indeed they are the loveliest possessions of this earth, rare and precious and glittering. Nowhere is such wealth as in a book of fairy tales, such a gaudy unbelievable wealth of delights and dangers and deep enchantments. We never tire of the glass hill, the enchanted fawn, the cloak of darkness, of the ashes and the straw and the gold; these are more to us than all the world, for we created them ourselves, gorgeous fancies and golden dreams to shimmer between us and the pages of the book.

Sometimes one gifted above men comes with the daring to make his imagery articulate, to display his dream. Such a one was Walt Disney. Working swiftly, laughing softly to himself, he fashioned a bright new thing. With bold fastidious hand he emphasized a knife, a daisy wreath, an apple, a box to hold a heart. Skilfully he tangled the old with the new, let some of

Donald Duck's unholy laughter echo in the dwarfs' glee, sent the big bad wolf dressed up like the Fuller Brush man stalking through the river mist in the witch's place. And then with fear and trembling when he thought of all the dreamers of the world, against whose own firm notions of beauty and hate he must pit his witch and his princess, he offered, as a great king scattering largess, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". And we accepted it as largess. In spite of many things, we acknowledged in our hearts that though we might indeed have asked for something different, we could not well have asked for anything better.

And when it was all over and we went out into the world again, we looked curiously up and down at the color of the sky and the shape of the street. Partly we looked because it was as though we were back from a long journey and as yet scarcely knew where we were, partly because to our affected eyes all the buildings loomed in mystery, and magic hovered over all the people. Far off in the middle distance we could just make out Dopey, skipping off uncertainly, with many a backward glance, to take his rightful place among the immortals.

SUSAN RICHERT, '39





LIFE PAINTING  
*John Ananis*

## Senior Class

E are graduating from the Massachusetts School of Art. At some time during the past four years the letters of that name blurred into a far more significant pattern than any type face could reveal. It is a beautifully intricate pattern, and so dearly familiar that its details have become one large impression. To say "home" to one who is still living at home does not conjure up separate memories, but an emotion without name and indescribable, an association of the familiar. So it is with us. Perhaps in retrospect the name will mean a succession of clear cut memories, — incidents, places, and people, — the first picnic at Provincetown, fencing in the Junior D. P. room, old Shelton singing to the freshmen.

But now, the weaving of the pattern not yet done, it is difficult to stand apart and choose the underlying motifs that are the strength and beauty of the cloth. These major designs are so large that all the rest seem bright threads of decoration and their strongly woven web is made of an unsentimental recognition of the principles of art. We learned them not from one instructor, but from all the men and women who have guided us in the past four years. They may feel that the lesson has been imperfectly realized. Yet the sturdy material of it is there; our own experience will explain what we understand in part now.

Each of us has a different pattern because it is all the stuff of individual experience and friendships, but there was much that we all shared during our freshman year. That first September we were continually bedazzled. There was the glamorous vision of the Pageant and our green Smock Day. Watching a succession of three Smock Days since has bound the years with a green

thread. In the spring we made our Pilgrimage with Mr. Jamison to Lexington and Concord, a blue and gold day beneath the elms of Concord green and the tall pines of Sleepy Hollow. We were signally privileged in making our acquaintance with color under the gracious Anna Mayhew Hathaway and in watching Cyrus the Great make our inert clay round and living. Along the banks of Muddy River and before sparkling still life groups we learned to make "juicy" ones under the bustling tutelage of kindly Miss Bartlett.

The next fall found us acutely conscious of our added dignity and ostentatiously impressing the freshmen with the same. But that is traditional. On every campus sophomores plunge as we did into the deeps of Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Idealism, — study the action of motor neurones and the ductless glands. But our birthright as artist-sophomores was fulfilled in painting with the aid of Mr. Hamilton's color fringe glass and creating compositions under the stimulus of Mr. Major's "Whoop it up, daughter — half close your eyes and stand on your head!" On warm starlit nights of that spring we often joined the silent throng that stood ten deep in the aisles to hear Robert Frost at Harvard.

At the beginning of the Junior year we made a somehow inevitable choice and were definitely enlisted under the standards of Mr. Philbrick, Mr. Allen, Miss Whittier, or Mr. Porter. But irrespective of departmental persuasion, the class journeyed to Worcester for the Rembrandt exhibition, and again moved en masse for the Van Gogh show at the Boston Art Museum. The departments also joined forces in a second attempt to interest the school in that step-child of the Mascart Theatre — "The Swan". More or less serene in our rank as upperclassmen, we talked severally of practice teaching and the Pea-

body House, of copper plates versus zinc plates, of draping and drafting, of plastics and methods of reproduction, of Lee Lawrie and architectural sculpture. With June the last class of friendly seniors stepped out into the world and left us with their position nearest the "jumping-off place".

Registration, after a summer of camping, sketching, and furious pot-boiling, was haloed by the realization that it was to be the last — no other return in cool September weather to freshly painted stairs, familiar tanned faces, and the happy counter-point of greetings. The months poured over us, and we suddenly became aware of the hastening year. Christmas came, and there was no very great pile of "good ones" to mark the autumn months that had brought the spread around again.

The Eastern Arts Association Conference loomed importantly and inspired pageantry, goodly exhibitions, and the best style show ever to grace the boards of M. S. A. Meanwhile spring unobtrusively stole in between April snow flurries, and theses began to blossom on typewriter ribbons and to bloom on thoughtful palettes. The time between April and June has telescoped in "Wonderland" fashion, and there is a dreamlike maze of unfinished fragments to assemble harmoniously before the Day.

The last of the pattern is emerging upon the loom. The faults in it are all too plain to the weaver, but the colors glow bravely. It should be a fine blazon to bear against the indifference of the world that will not pause in its advance to welcome our slender column.

ELIZABETH BALCOM, '38

*Senior Class Officers*

*President*

RUTH CHRISTIE

*Secretary*

HELEN CLAYTON

*Vice-President*

RITA McMANUS

*Treasurer*

LOUIS GLASSMAN





*Drawing and  
Painting*

# Drawing and Painting

THERE is an old saying that failure is the only high road to success. If it is a true one, then we are all destined to triumph. For in the happy rooms of the drawing and painting department we have suffered the most glorious defeats, and bedizened the very walls with magnificent ruin. And we are strangely hopeful and light-hearted. Beauty will surely appear on our next canvas or in the bitten lines of the burnished plate that now gleams before us. We are busy with our wood blocks and pen drawings, our illustrations which are more apt to catch the spirit than the letter of the text, our sensitive drypoints, and gay pastels. And though we understand that we may never fully realize our dreams of greatness, we know, too, that this is our element from which we cannot be exiled lest we perish. So we are resolved as long as we live to hold fast to the qualities we have discovered here: the bright enthusiasm and creative courage, the intense and sincere labor so difficult to maintain, the delight in well-kept materials, and the pure joy in seeking out Beauty and learning her ways.

JOAN DREW, '38



Elizabeth Balcom

*"So when the Angel of the darker Drink  
At last shall find you by the river-brink,  
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul  
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not shrink."*

RUBAIYAT

### JOHN ANANIS

Steady, conscientious, and thorough. With his fine sensibilities and quiet patience, John has kept his work to the high professional standard that has become a legend around school, and will no doubt soon gain for him a noteworthy reputation in the field of painting.



### ELIZABETH BALCOM

Peeping around doors and slipping noiselessly into class, Mascart's Greek goddess comes in and does "good ones" with enviable ease and facility. Modestly disclaims the evident merit of her work. She often goes dreamy-eyed on us and we know her thoughts are not in New England clouds.



### GUIDO CARBONE

A genuine craftsman, Guido turns out ingeniously designed and beautifully executed sketch boxes, not to mention innumerable little knick knacks indispensable to an artist. His canvases look better and better each week, and we all admire his consistent progress, not only in painting but in photography as well.





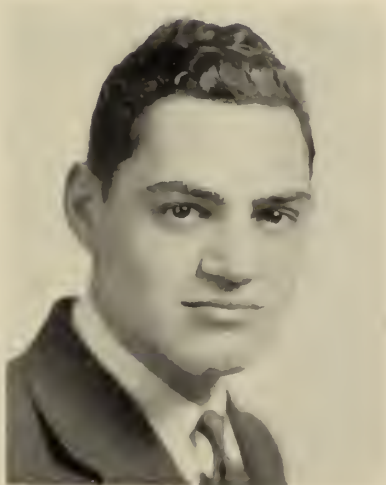
#### JOAN DREW

Fragile, cobwebby bits of poetry, equally fine and delicate etchings are spun from Joan's lively imagination. It's easy to tell the mornings she's had a letter, for her eyes sparkle as brightly as does that certain pin on her smock.



#### NATHAN FITCH

Tall, dark, debonair owner of "Ooh, whose car is that!" Pianist extraordinary, coupled with an irrepressible enthusiasm for swing; a compendium of the recorded classics and a member of the 12 o'clock "Frolic Makers." Proud parent of many a plaque in Mr. Porter's salon, and designer of merit,—charming, affable, and unaffected.



#### EDWARD GOLDMAN

With amazing aptitude in each field, Eddie has devoted his time to photography, fencing, and sketching, without forsaking his painting, in which he has his own definite ideas and somewhat rebellious attitude. He's always friendly and good-natured, and willing to put himself out to do favors for his classmates.

### NATHANIEL J. JACOBSON

With Robert Henri as his shining light, Nat fights things out for himself to what will be his ultimate satisfaction. His varied interests have been given expression in fencing, sketching; and, along with Eddie, Nat was influential in establishing the Photography Club.



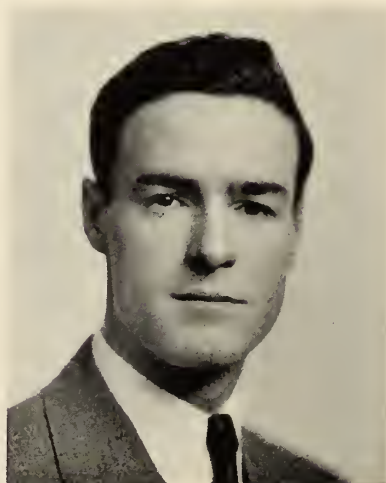
### VIRGINIA E. MAJOR

Vitally interested in everything worth knowing about, our vivacious Jimmy has innumerable friends who deluge her with social invitations. Her outside activities, however, do not prevent her from making progress here. Dean Murray's "old dependable" for assemblies, pageants, plays, recitations, dancing, and what not. She's one fine gal!



### DONALD W. MOSS

Ten-fifteen usually marks the arrival of Mascart's popular matinee idol, at which time Don goes into an impenetrable isolation of feverish painting, even continuing to work long after the model has stopped posing. The results more than make up for any inconsistencies in the method.





### NORMA MURMES

She may be quiet about most things, but just wait till you hear her sneeze! Norma is blessed with the enviable knack of being able to draw the figure from memory, an accomplishment of which most of us cannot boast. Her ability in handling children has taken her into the teaching field.



### RICHARD G. PACKER

A man of few words, Dick paints with calm deliberate planning and deep concentration. His snow scenes are evidence of the fact that he has made real progress. Reading the Monitor during rest periods keeps him well informed on the news of the day.



### BYRON REED

Fred Allen's "cousin," Byron brings in all the latest chatter of radio and screen with a few spicy bits of his own thrown in. Fascinated by choo-choo trains and Claire Wells. Party of the opposition to Mr. Major and one Jack Benny. Has a strong feeling for color.

### JACOB SANDLER

Happy-go-lucky member pro-tem, formerly of the design department, who always comes into the studio in time for lunch and a chance to discuss our paintings. An ardent photographer, a fencing enthusiast, a camp counselor, and a student of psychology; he is a friend of all.



### DAVID A. STEARNS

The pipes of Pan never created more merriment on the hillsides of yore, than does the fife of Davy among the maze of easels in the painting room. Hardworking and observant, he unobtrusively accomplishes a good deal. The school store profits must have soared under his able salesmanship.



### BARBARA A. TOLMAN

God's gift from the design department! Between house party week-ends, "Batsy" settles down and shows us what little girls can do with paint and canvas. Always cheery and smiling, she is a welcome addition anywhere from the Glee Club to the exclusive milk-at-noon society.





#### YAROSLAV YAVAROW

In one minute, out the next, Jerry paints spasmodically between furniture designing, interior decorating, carpentry, and gallery hanging. Being a good fellow at everyone's disposal, Jerry laughs his way through life and makes us feel a little happier for it. Keep on with those block prints!

#### DAVID BAKER

Always willing to experiment, David boldly piles paint on with his palette knife and brings in landscapes to which Mr. Major can say "Not bad, um—" Turns out some fine prints, but won't reveal his secret process. And how does he always keep way ahead of Mr. O'Donnell's deadlines?

#### JACOB W. SILVERMAN

"Still waters run deep." A serious student of Michelangelo and Iacovleff, he has become a careful, scientific draughtsman. We were not surprised that he made the dean's list. Always glad to oblige by giving helpful criticisms and suggestions to his fellow students.

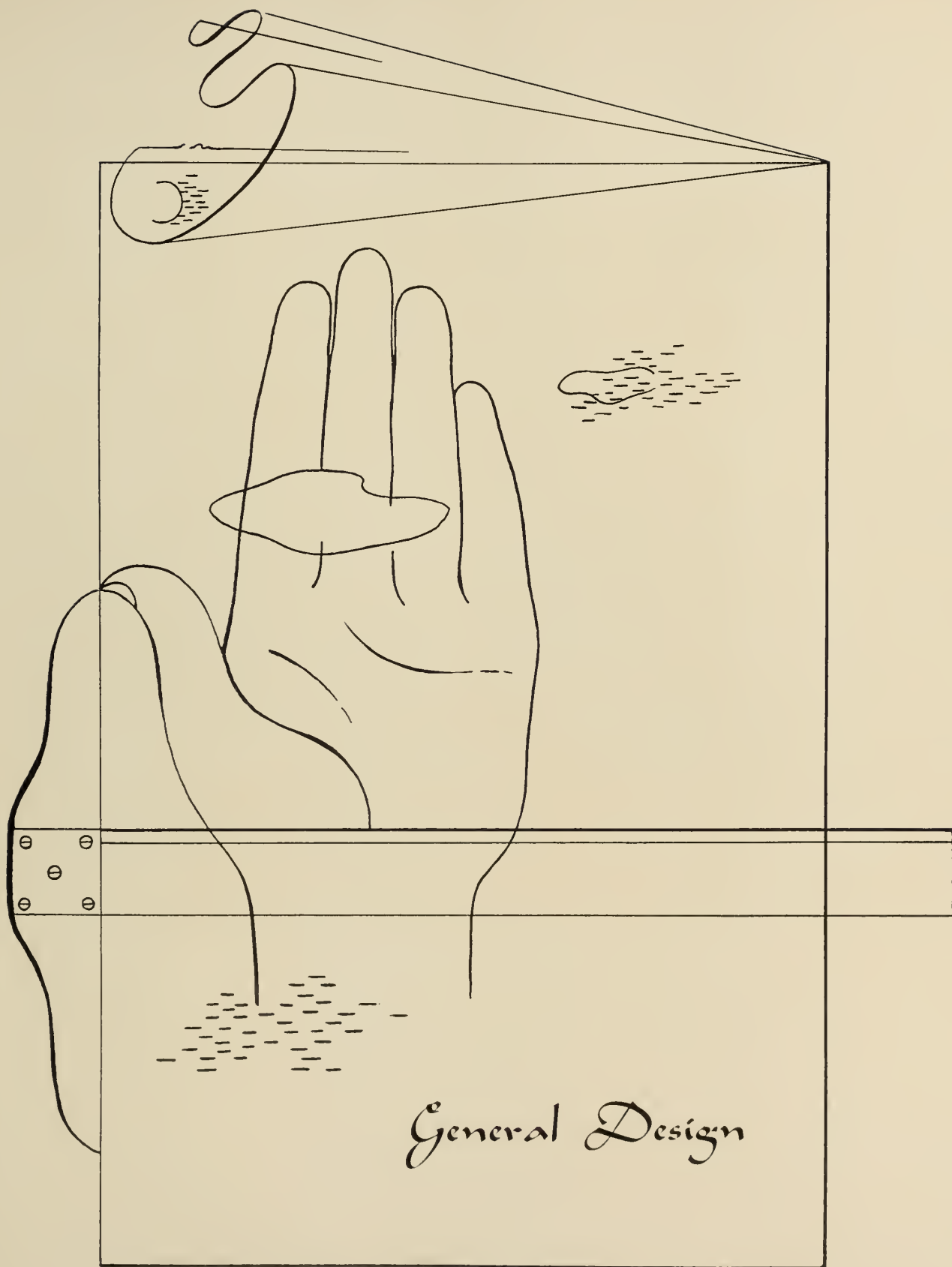
#### EDWARD CONNELLY

Beneath his collegiate air and devil-may-care attitude a really serious minded person, very well read. He seems to pick ideas from hats for his clever cartoons. An authority on what should be worn here, there, or anywhere; a good dancer; and, finally, a caustic wit accompanied by devastating sarcasm.



LIFE PAINTING

*Donald Moss*



General Design

# General Design

NOW that we have finished our course we are ready to take our places in the business world. We have learned something of layout, color, industrial design. What are we going to do with our knowledge? The question is unimportant if we hope to do no more than design another layout or another lamp base. However, it is a very important one if we consider the fact that it will be in our power to influence public taste.

While we shall strive to create interesting and attractive layouts, we must not overlook the fact that advertisements are primarily to inform the consumer of the merits of a product. We must remember, too, that through advertising not only do we inform the consumer, but we can also influence him. And so a powerful weapon is placed in our hands. It will be up to us to use it wisely and in good taste. We shall encourage sales in the products we advertise by public faith and confidence. We must carry on the fight for truth in advertising.

The greatest chance to influence public taste is through the design of objects used every day in home and office. Economical, social, and scientific trends suggest a mode of life which we shall interpret in our designs. Science gives us new materials to work with, and suggests better uses of the old. The materials themselves suggest objects and how they shall be used. Following these natural tendencies we cannot but get functional designs. We, as industrial designers, shall determine the physical appearance of these objects.

Science makes living easier, more comfortable. We designers can make life richer, more beautiful.

FLORENCE SMITH, '38



DISPLAY

*Boniface Soliwocki*

### ELIZABETH BOOS

Rings, bracelets, green gloves, New Hampshire, blondes, skiing, riding, "Rags," dancing, Strauss waltzes, jokes (?), bowling, hockey, Greta Garbo, Fred Waring, the countryside.

A s l o w "h e l-l-o-o-o, ev-er-y-bo-dy-y-y," and a warm smile announces that Betty is back from another week-end of skiing at New Hampshire. Betty goes her unhurried way designing stunning rings and setting up new bowling records.



### FRANCES CHAMBERLIN

Water color, mountain climbing, whistling, chocolate pudding, bowling, Jade green, Gilbert and Sullivan, strong winds, flowers, shooting the rapids, vocal harmonizing, plastics.

Franny has a strong bowling arm that directs her brush to produce charming water color drawings. She has a practical business-like manner which lasts until she is with friends, and then she is delightfully frisky.



### FLORENCE COLBY

Crystal spheres, quaint people, Harriet Hctor, hyacinth blue, arabesques, country, Durer, Swedish glass, pottery, plastics, dogs, Nancy Dyer.

Wistful blonde Terpsichore in a black reefer. Florence draws sensitively beautiful charcoal portraits and slinky red dragons. Her animated fingers are a vent for her enthusiasm. Here is the quiet warmth and still depth of late afternoon.





### DOROTHEA E. DAY

Textiles, dogs, people, winter, Maine and New Hampshire, mountains, cold food, cold drinks, cold weather, historical novels, Aida, Europe.

Gracious lady with a sweet smile. The essence of Southern hospitality and cool summer evenings. Her ready laugh is a rush of soft notes from silver bells. Deedee designs elegant packages in white and gold, and is a textile designer plus.



### PHYLLIS E. FOSTER

Perfume bottles, blue-green, Maine, country life, chocolate frosting, cats, Dale Nichols, German police dogs, snowstorms, thunder and lightning, yodelling, freckles, Dean's office.

Restraint in blue-green. The quiet beauty of snow resting on mountain tops. By her refined, elegant designs and beautiful script lettering, Phyl turns drab assignments into exquisite patterns of tone and color.



### BERTHA A. GIFFELS

Metal crafts, Sandwich glass, whale's teeth, boats, camping, fishing, pine groves, fine drawings, the "Yankee," magic, Gustave Jensen.

The door opens softly and is closed as softly, and Berdie has come in with another swell design expertly rendered. Berdie divides her time between Cape Cod and the crafts room. The timbre of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun."

### LOUIS GLASSMAN

Air brush, candid camera, co-eds, camp life, commercial work, "Skippy," red, walking in the rain, animated cartoons, bright ties, sandpaper chins.

Cadenza in E minor. Lou is the class agitator, sincere in his efforts to right wrongs. He is strictly a business man, interested in art only as it is related to commerce and industry. Witness his excellent letterhead designs.



### VARTOUI R. KAZANJIAN

Magenta, murals, Mexican design, Benrimo, Bobri, Cassandre, Gauguin, billboards, modern designs, sophistication, cats, brown corduroy, powerful posters. An ingenious, ingenuous designer.

Touhi uses magenta on murals and packages with startling, interesting results. She is a master designer of the unusual in composition and color.



### ANNE M. LEVY

Jello, Marie Laurencin, Boston Symphony, Degas, Sibelius, free lance artists, layouts, quips, strong designs, McKnight Kaufer, Picasso, Bobri, Kolbe.

An intense personality, with all the force and subtlety of a Beethoven symphony. Anne is a clever layout artist and designer, and, in good American slang, "a swell kid."





### GORDON MAYO

Gebrauchsgraphik, McKnight Kaufer, Feininger, coca-cola, Ravel's Bolero, tennis, bowling, triangle and T-square, puns, philosophy in geometric terms, modern art.

The precision and searching quality of a microscope in the hands of a skilled scientist. Gordon is a top designer with ideas that go beyond the surface pattern of line and color. We like him because of, and in spite of, his puns.



### KATHLEEN MORRISSEY

Biographies of artists, line drawings, Philharmonic concerts, tea, pastels, art galleries, philosophy, Professor Weiner, life classes, Walter Gropius, drawing and painting.

Kay walks along lightly and swiftly, talking breathlessly of this and that. "Isn't it mar-velous!!!" Beautiful line drawings, life studies, color—an artist supreme. Turbulent serenity. A white flame.



### VINCENT W. OSTRAND

Sports, coca-cola, hamburger, blondes, neat-checked suits, Charlie McCarthy, W. C. Fields, Madeleine Carroll, plastics.

Yee whiz! Beau Brummel carrying his lunch in a brown paper bag, Vinny dashes in and out of class on important business. He designs electrical layouts with a dash—pleasant and friendly, an open door with the sun streaming in.

### ROSE E. SCHWARTZ

A-a-a-h-l-h! Hearts and flowers, cupids and lacey valentines, shoes, figure drawing, the Fine Arts Theatre, bright lipstick, Arturo Toscanini, Boston Symphony, peasant design.

"Broke" creator of Baroque designs. Rose does swell water colors in the life class—sparkling, dynamic; and she draws figures with, oh, such style! Bright lipstick, bright laugh, bright hair, bright girl.



### FLORENCE SMITH

People, trees, rainstorms, cinnamon toast, Toulouse-Lautrec, wrestling matches, Serge Koussevitsky, Marx brothers, whipped cream, Lily Pons, Greta Garbo, palmistry.

Delightful Peter Pan, pensive, appreciative, imaginative; possessed of a sensitive response to things artistic in all forms. Will fight fervently for sincere artistic experimentation, produces advertising ideas with psychological roots, rendered feelingly with both delicacy and strength.

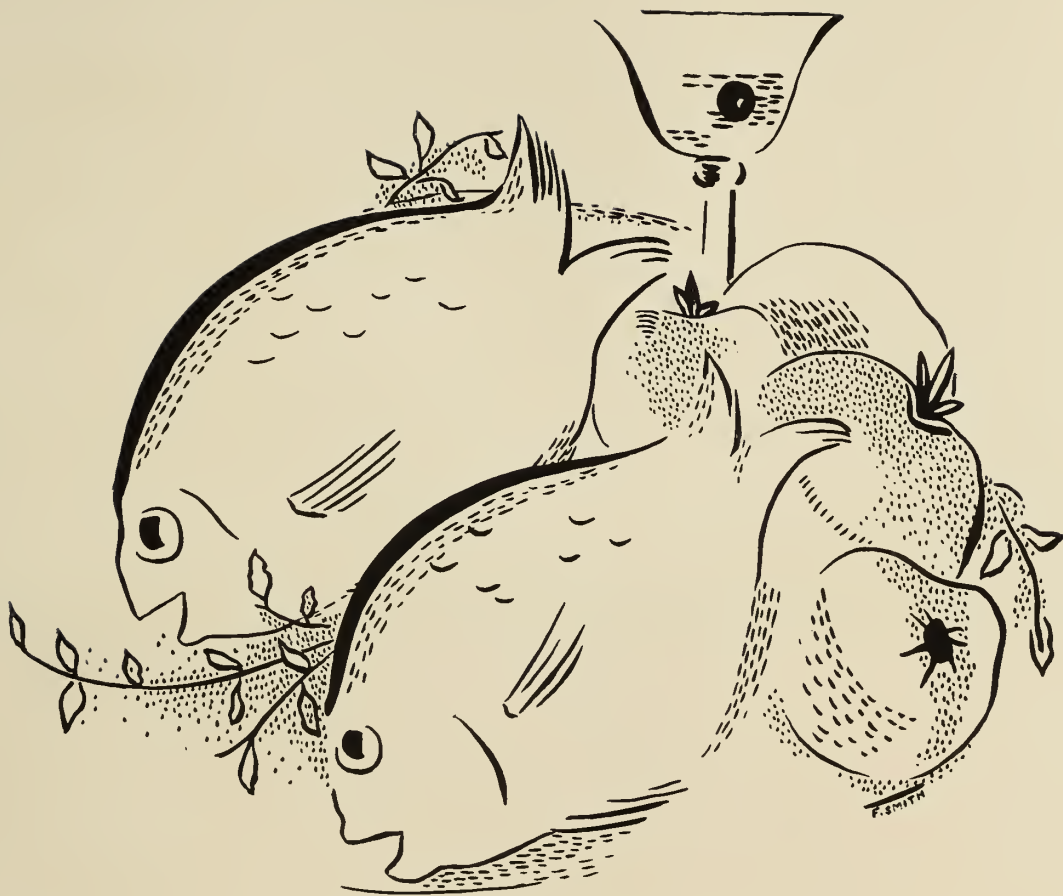


### BONIFACE SOLIWOCKI

Plaids, circles, samples, co-eds, blurbs, buckeye advertising, air brush, Bon Sol, lectures, business, puns, dark blue, staid designs.

Sturdy, aspiring Bonny gets his thesis done early so he'll have time to design World's Fair posters and borders for the State House. He has a delightful sense of humor which does not stop at punning. And he is an ace lettering man.





LINE DRAWING

*Florence Smith*

DECORATIVE MURAL

*Vartouhi Kazanjian*





STREET CAR CARD

Boniface Soliwocki



LINE DRAWING  
Kathleen Morrissey



# Costume Design and Illustration

# Costume Design and Illustration

 MAD artistic world this is,  
Of fraud and freak and fright;  
But we do feel that we have kept  
A balanced, sane foresight.

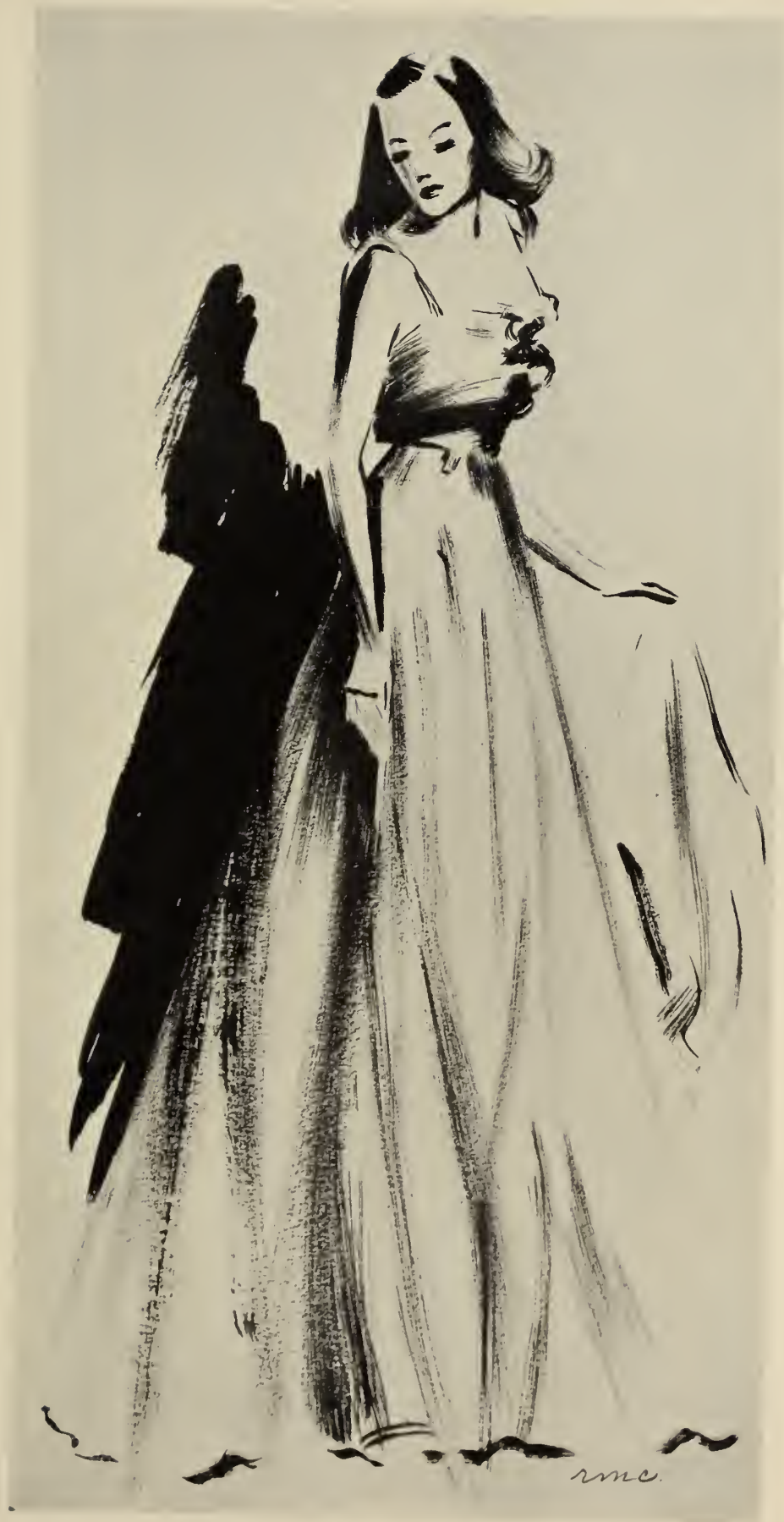
Some folks look down their noses  
At "Fashion Firsts" careers;  
They think we're vain, but we maintain  
Our poise in spite of leers.

With needles, thread, and patterns,  
In cells of gingham forms,  
We've struggled with our problems  
For fashion shows and proms.

A stranger might take sudden fright  
If in our class he'd spy  
A humped-up miss with eelish feet  
As she went "truckin' " by.

Bedraggled, sleepy, curl-less, and  
With heavy feet and heart,  
We bring in every morning  
Our sad attempts at "Art".

We crave to hear just one small word;  
'Tis something we all seek.  
To gain it means to gain success —  
Of far-famed "umph" I speak.



FASHION DRAWING  
*Rita McManus*

### ALICE J. AROZIAN

The static half of the partnership with Dot. A paradoxical personality with her vivid coloring, black hair and eyes, creamy olive complexion. A petite person possessing undaunted determination for success in spite of illness. Designs unusual creations with a masterful handling of technical restrictions.



### MERRIANNE CEFALO

A pert elfish personality, complementing her crisply-cut red hair and translucent skin. Designs carefree clothes for a vivacious miss in subtle colors. Cursing the travails of late hours while unceasingly striving for perfection. Paged at rest periods by a junior who might be her sister.



### CATHERINE P. CLANCY

Our humorous member with a new smart flair to sub-deb styles and illustrations. A provocative way of talking about hilarious experiences. The one girl whose hair-do met with Miss Cox's unqualified approval. Languidly producing batches of polished work, enhanced by streaks of brilliant color. The funny quirk in the three-some.





PHYLLIS C. COLEMAN

Small and poised, the most unobtrusive member in the class—but pops from nowhere when needed. Business-like and going places in her own quiet way along the path of real merit. Has investigated the reproduction processes behind the scenes of illustrating to bring back her findings for class enlightenment.



PAULINE E. FLYNN

Striking blue-black hair, pouting scarlet mouth, and smart clothes in reds, beiges, blacks. The coy baby of the class with a nicety which measures others through herself. Acclaim seen for her long-legged, slim-ankled figures. "Who me?" and a tripping walk beside a freshman shared by Mary.



GRACE M. GARBARINO

High style face and sport clothes. Fond of dark lipstick. An indispensable cog in the wheel of pageants, costumes, and fashion shows—late hours, tiny scraps of cloth, and angel's wings. Friendly, tireless worker, and with unusual effort, seeing things through. Companion to the tall red-head.

### CONSTANCE GERLACH

A placid blonde with a lovely complexion, possessing distinction—still waters run deep. Unruffled by minor irritations; and through persistent effort, with her calmness and directness, she will achieve her cherished end. Unknown fields to conquer,—California, here I come!



### BARBARA GORDON

Page boy,—broad shoulders and short skirts make up in part our abused irregular. A frank and engaging manner with no understatements. Individual style in life drawings and in her real and spirited illustrations. Has innumerable business contacts to give substance to her future. Ten-minute-later Gordon, ha! ha!



### THELMA GRANT

A heart-shaped face and a tiny active figure. Bound to follow her own will with surprising defiance for a diffident person. Accomplishing her most worthwhile results under last minute pressure. A casual and easy-going view toward living and people, but withal a care for the future.





### ELIZABETH C. HOWARD

Winged eyebrows, the perfect tailored suit type. Caustic tongue to hide her sympathetic nature. Smooth gal, and smoother drawings which deserve every bit of the praise they receive, with no reason to worry over the future. Has countless outside interests, but never neglects her work.



### DOROTHY E. JEPSON

An electric blonde with an explosive nature and ready laugh. Boundless energy displayed in poses full of action and high style. Contains the necessary vividness for wearing any color, and is the perfect complement for Alice's dusky demeanor. Avid follower of all forms of the dance, with an eye to designing for the ballet.



### RITA E. McMANUS

The tall perfect fashion figure with bronze coloring embodied in a sincere personality. Eager to tackle any problem, be it pageants, fashion shows, or illustrating—such training will prove advantageous for success. Miss Flint's right hand helper and our connection with Filene's. Our liberal timekeeper, sharing her responsibilities with Grace.

### HELEN NORDIN

Mad hats, and deucedly soft ash-blond hair. Diplomacy with snap analysis of situations. Organized purpose behind figures of verve and abandon, which must find their niche after these many commutings to and from New York. "Poor Slu, won't anyone go to a show?"



### LOUISA C. PIKE

Serene blue eyes and an unhurried manner—always ready to answer a call for help with a cheerful countenance and really good advice. A good steady worker who is climbing right along up and getting there fast. But, oh-oh! She likes to cook—sniff-sniff—do we smell a romance?



### BERTHA RICHARDSON

Neat and glistening hair, her fair coloring best accentuated by subtle shades of blue and green. A lackadaisical gal who deftly manipulates fabrics into excellent gowns to aid in reproduction of textiles in wash drawings. Mastery assured by steady application of her well-founded principles. The stabilizing element of the three-some.





#### MARY E. TETREAULT

Fresh and delicate complexion, classic features combined with an effervescent enthusiasm. Divine discontent, with a breathless impatience for knowledge and culture. Tactful and considerate contributions to the less informed. A determination to reach the level of Paris designers, and a mania to costume the stage.



#### ELIZABETH VARNUM

The enfant terrible of the class—the incorrigible gamin, but with all her waggish ways a quiet manner. Jingles, catch phrases, all amusingly impersonal. Clever copy illustrated by puckish figures with plenty of “umph.” Did we hear someone wail, “But you know I can’t draw—what is this thing called art, anyway?”



#### ELEANOR M. WHATMOUGH

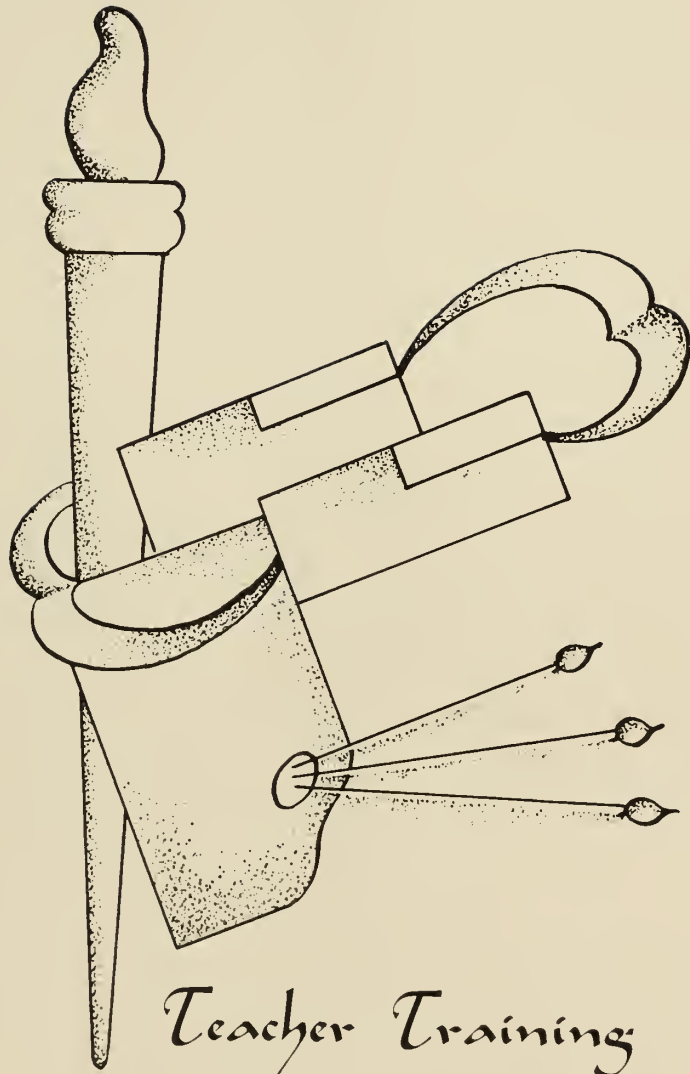
Smart appearance accompanied by a slow careful way of talking. A quiet business-like purposeful manner and infinite consideration for the next fellow. Speaking ability as evidenced by fashion shows and outside talks on line, color, and current trends. An efficient and conscientious worker deserving success in her line of endeavor.

## MARY E. YOUNG

Quiet and unassuming on the surface, a gracious mien and queenly carriage. Is one of our best seamstresses, turns out coats and clever little bathing suit numbers before the clock gets around and while the rest of us are still thinking about it. "Where and When" should be her theme song.



FASHION DRAWING  
Elizabeth Howard



# Teacher Training

*F*OR many years we have been progressing steadily along the trail of education to knowledge and truth. Upon this trail we have experienced much. To each one this experience has meant something different, as perhaps it should. We have, however, one characteristic in common — sincerity.

We are not philosophers or sages, but for this moment we feel a certain strength and power perhaps never again to return to us.

Along the trail there have been many wonderful associations with the culture of the past in literature as well as in art. Our study of psychology and sociology as well as our drawing courses, has been most vital in aiding us to acquire a clearer perspective of the problem which we are called upon to solve. Our problem is to teach not “art for art’s sake,” but art because we believe it is vital to every child. We believe that drawing enriches and influences the whole future of the child. Creative art enables him to think coherently, and to express that which he thinks. It enables him to become a better citizen and a more intelligent consumer by training him to buy the best with what he has. We believe that drawing is vital to him because it is a way to living.

With this view definitely in mind, we are entering our search for truth and knowledge.

Finally, we have learned from Miss Whittier not only teaching in theory and practice, but also, under her guidance, the values of friendship, of responsibility, of cooperation and helpfulness. So love and service shall be forever foremost in all our work.

MARION FOSTER, '38



"CREATIVE ATMOSPHERE"  
Marie Stier

Crafts: GEORGIA MCNAMARA  
ROBERT RANKIN  
ROSE FERRY  
THEODORE MELNITZ



### NORMAN E. BRULE

He has dynamic convictions and the will to stand back of them; is a natural leader in any activity; an exponent of beautiful design with a modern flavor; a lover of symphony and opera; an incurable romanticist and a day-to-day realist by turns!



### RUTH CHRISTIE

Competent mistress of the situation, particularly when it is urging the Persian colts to arrive at definite decisions; a gift for making friends; a casual attitude toward worry; and a confidential way of wearing her smile that puts people perfectly at ease.



### HELEN T. CLAYTON

Her work in the Junior Eastern Arts Association, and as secretary of her class, has been conducted with the natural poise and simplicity we have learned to expect of her. The perfect committee woman, done in black with gardenias and a leather notebook. A madcap personality and dimples.





### FRANCES J. EVANS

A person of frequent moods who is exceedingly happy in most of them. Music is her avocation, both the composing and rendering of it. She reads the latest books and converses fluently on current events—a composite personality and an interesting one.



### MARION FOSTER

School—a pause for trips to Hawaii—and school again. Marion is frequently in a contemplative frame of mind, which accounts for much of the meticulous detail in her work. Concise in thought herself, but understanding of others who are not, she is a sincere and broad-minded student.



### RUTH KELLY

Epitome of poise and graciousness; a graphic lesson in how to say the right thing at the right time without stammering. Unlike most of us, she is more at ease when speaking before a group than at any other time. In her more frivolous moments she is the coconut frosting on the T. T.'s education cake!

### ISRAEL M. LATKOWITCH

The clock moves backward rapidly, and Israel follows after, but at the hour of reckoning he is miraculously prepared. A friend in every profession, and a dozen clever caricatures in his notebook; a joke for every occasion, and a good-natured grin if the joke is stale—a regular fellow, “Lucky.”



### GERTRUDE LAUGHLIN

“This teaching is a serious occupation—” but the gleam in her eyes betrays her. Efficiency rolled up in a small package with a supporting air of optimism, and a way of taking every remark literally that puts her on the receiving side of most of the “gang’s” jokes.



### MYRTLE LICHTENSTEIN

Art classes of her own in collaboration with Norma; the choice of subtle and unique colors in sweaters and skirts. In the abstract, a strand of exotic jewelry with a charming voice, and a brief charcoal sketch tucked under its arm.





### GEORGIA McNAMARA

A study in black with gold stars, Miss Hathaway's perfected palette, and a way with oils, quiet withdrawal unless one merits her confidence. Georgia speaks seldom but always wisely, and stores away much knowledge in the interim.



### THEODORE MEINELT

Unquenchable good humor, a flair for costume design, and the ability to create the season's latest from a scrap of blue and a feather, willingness to do anything for anyone at any time—cooking, marionettes, or popular songs before class. There's a special corner in our hearts for Teddy!



### ROBERT RANKIN

Shades of Springfield and Krag (guns to you) and ultra modern automobile designs. "Have you heard the one about the Scotchman?" We look to him for humor and for logic, knowing that the satisfactory friend and the thinking artist will undoubtedly become the teacher with vision.

### ISABEL RECTOR

She has a personality much like her own poetry—a mixture of joy and humor with a few drops of rain. The smile of a little child and the bark of David are her chosen accompaniment to life. Idealistic, honest, faithful, and beautiful in thought and speech—Isabel, the world is yours!



### ANNE SAWITSKY

A day-to-day philosophy of finishing all assignments and a little more-psychological research, and achievement in the crafts, plus tape measure and suit patterns whenever there is time. She pursues any and all occupations with a fervor that predestines all her plans to worthwhile fulfilment.



### RUTH SPARKES

She laughs with the world, and at it, laughs when we are happy and laughs when she is sad. Her eyes are serene with the serenity that is born of pleasant dreams and a quiet acceptance of fate. Children and kittens and fairy tales and rabbits,—all things precious belong to Ruthie.





### MARIE STIER

One of three—and a very attractive trio it is! Art with vigor, and art with finesse; dancing after drawing, and a sparkle of fun in both; an hour for labor and an hour for rest, and much vibrant living sandwiched in between.

### ELIZABETH D. BARBA

A determined but refreshing viewpoint in argument, and a staunch believer in better things to come. Libby is invariably hurrying from one problem to tackle another, with a smile for fellow sufferers, and the will to carry through the most Herculean task to completion.

### DOROTHY KNOTT

A definite technique in drawing which she capably transmits to her students—scholastic honors—soft strains of music on a violin—a general attitude of achievement. Dorothy is the far-seeing, gentle-voiced, patient type of which the best teachers are made.

## The Junior Class



*President*

DAVID SNOW

*Secretary*

MARY VAN DUYNE

*Vice-President*

MARJORIE COLLINS

*Treasurer*

HARRIET ROSS

*I*T is a little disconcerting, considering that we have been here three years, and already walk into private places with all the gay abandon of a senior, to find that we have no great message. There is, frankly, no whisper of our vast experiences that we can say unblushingly is of imperishable worth, or any prophecy, unless it be the quite unjustifiable one that we are about to become great successes. And of this, like all things divinely inspired, the proof is inconspicuous. Still, we have left our mark: covered walls with etchings, forms with gowns, poured out our inspiration into advertisements of mythical sales of non-existent gloves. And we have had our fun — but wait until we are seniors, then we will give you our memories. And we are almost seniors now!

BEATRICE HOLMES, '39

# The Sophomore Class



*President*

PETER BELITSOS

*Secretary*

EARLE ROWE

*Vice-President*

RAYMOND ANDREWS

*Treasurer*

EDWARD MALSBERG

**D**URING our Freshman year our teachers, with infinite patience, and the upper classmen, with the wisdom of fresh experience, drew out the best that was in us and opened to us undreamed of pathways.

While as freshmen we had been a group, now we begin to show some individualism, as the work of our talented students shows. Many things were new to us this year. Some familiar faces were missed, and new personalities were encountered. We benefited by the new members on our staff. A wider road in music and other associated arts was opened to us.

We do not want praise and too early "pats on the back." Rather we will continue on the search for beauty and will not go down unsung.

MARY BRADLEY, '40

## *The Freshman Class*



*President*      ARTHUR COPPLESTONE  
*Vice-President*      RALPH MANN

*Secretary-Treasurer*      GEORGE DEROSIER  
*Class Representative*      CHARLES TURNER

 N September 20, 1957, a group of eager, earnest, inclined-to-be-arty young people entered through the portals of M. S. A. to become its freshman class. As far as they were concerned, they were a very promising young flock. But they had much to learn.

After registering, they were separated into four groups, and they made acquaintances which have led to firm friendships. Arriving at classes for the first time, they were presented with mysterious lists of supplies needed, and then began one of the important businesses of art school life — portfolio lugging.

They were soon very busy keeping assignments separated and having them done on time.

Freshman week descended upon them with all its delights and whimsies.

Then, the more anticipated because of its being deferred one week, Smock Day! They received Joseph De Camp's palette, to serve as an inspiration. Edward Flatley won the Freshman Award for his clever sketches of his father. Then President Newell introduced them to their mascot, and they became the "little deer(s)" of M. S. A.

Life then began in earnest for the little freshmen. They discovered that they could interest themselves in the future as well as in the present by joining any of the many clubs which form our extra-curricular activities, and this they did, knowing full well that with no outside interests the mind becomes cramped and narrow. Musicians joined the Ensemble and the Glee Club, while actors and orators had the Mascart and Public Speaking classes to turn to; and our photographers, fencers, basketball enthusiasts, magicians, — all found outlet for their energies in the clubs dedicated to those pursuits. They blossomed out with an ensemble which played at assemblies and in the foyer the week before Christmas.

They discovered that they were not the Leonardos that they thought, and they did their best to be not arty, but artists.

They elected class officers — Arthur Coppystone, President; Ralph Mann, Vice-President; George Derosier, Secretary-Treasurer; Charles Turner, Student Association Representative; and under these capable officers they have sailed through the freshman year, guided by their pilots, Miss Munsterberg and Mr. Hoadley. Now they are looking ahead to the mysterious waters of the Sophomore Seas. And so, with Columbus they cry, "Sail on!"

JANE O'REGAN, '41.





**T**HE Hindu ballet depends more on its musical accompaniment than does the more familiar American or Russian ballet. The unfamiliar, yet strangely appealing sounds, varying in tonal quality from a simple tinkling of china bowls to the deep resonant vibration of the large gongs, makes us forget our habitual prejudices and prepares us emotionally to appreciate the delicate, rather sedate tempo of the ballet itself.

The dances all tell various stories, — light, pretty ones such as a boy playing with a bird, and heavy serious ones such as the tale of Vishnu and the other gods in a mortal struggle for the possession of the Hindu Olympus. This last episode takes the combined efforts of all the orchestra, most of the dancers, and a large cloth elephant to bring it up to an impressive climax.

To say that these dances are meaningless is to reveal a gross lack of sensitive perception of the artistic motives of the Hindus. Art of any form is, after all, an attempt at the expression of the feelings of the soul, and if it is to succeed, must convey to someone a genuine sense of sympathy with the performer. For the first time in my life, the mind of the Oriental, as an artist, became clear to me. I had always supposed that the mind of the eastern artist worked in some peculiar fashion utterly unlike our own; that they had been trained to express themselves in line, pattern, and color, in contrast to our western conception of form and three-dimensionality. But the working of the artist's mind is no different from our own. His outlook on life is naive and honest. He paints what he sees as he sees it, but — he does not see what we do! For if the dance is a true reflection, and it must be, life in the Orient looks like a Japanese print. Figures are not figures as we know them. Instead they are thin, paper-like outlines exquisitely designed against a background not atmospheric, not existing in space, but flat. The positions of the body, head, hands, and feet are unfamiliar when viewed with a western attitude, but become more real when we realize that we have seen representations of the same movements immortalized in Oriental art. The lines are flowing, rhythmic, beautiful, the colors sensitive and expressive.

It is hard to believe that even with years of study, a person born and brought up in the west could ever feel the pattern of life in a civilization so old, so remote, not only in the measure of space, but far away in custom, in heritage, and in interpretation of life. An intense effort is necessary even to try to comprehend the dance, the music, and the art of the Hindu; but, the effort once

made, the observer is rewarded by a partial insight into the meaning of it all. Their art is different from ours because their dance is different, their dance is strange because their music is strange, their music is unfamiliar because their poetry is unfamiliar, their poetry is mystical because their religion is mystical, — and so it goes, through all the complexities of life, as well as in the simple things. And yet, with all the differences, with all the thousands of miles and years between the two civilizations, I am convinced that the minds and hearts of artists are fundamentally the same on this terrestrial globe, — each honestly trying “to paint the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are.”

VIRGINIA MAJOR, '58



# The Student Association



|                         |               |                       |                 |
|-------------------------|---------------|-----------------------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i>        | DAVID STEARNS | <i>Vice-President</i> | LORNE CRAIG     |
| <i>Acting Secretary</i> | DOROTHY KNOTT | <i>Treasurer</i>      | RAYMOND ANDREWS |

*T*HE Student Association, established in 1922, has absolute control of the finances needed for student undertakings, and helps to promote and supervise social affairs and activities outside the regular curriculum.

The main duty of this organization lies in the fair distribution of its finances, the fund supported by the students' membership fees, among the various classes and extra curricular activities. This method places responsibility directly upon one organization, and clarifies the business relationships of the school with outside concerns.

DOROTHY KNOTT, '38



PUBLIC GARDENS

Nathaniel Jacobson

## *The Sketch Club*

TOMORROW'S dusty piles of canvas or, perhaps, motives for great paintings are briefly hung side by side in the north gallery, as the Sketch Club holds its regular exhibition and meeting. Kaleidoscopic walls stand witness for many a happy painting excursion in search of nature's beauty spots. Whether the sketch hunter hits or misses, he is rewarded by a sincere criticism and a word of encouragement from our leader and one-man art jury, Mr. Philbrick. Challenge him with a few daubs of paint, and he will fearlessly enter the sketch and try to put his foot on the foreground or venture down the road to your center of interest. It is this possibility of being able to share one's impressions with his fellows, of being able to describe by the stroke of brush or pencil one's great enjoyment in nature's works that is the incentive of each member of this group, and, indeed, of all who endeavor in art.

NATHANIEL JACOBSON, '58

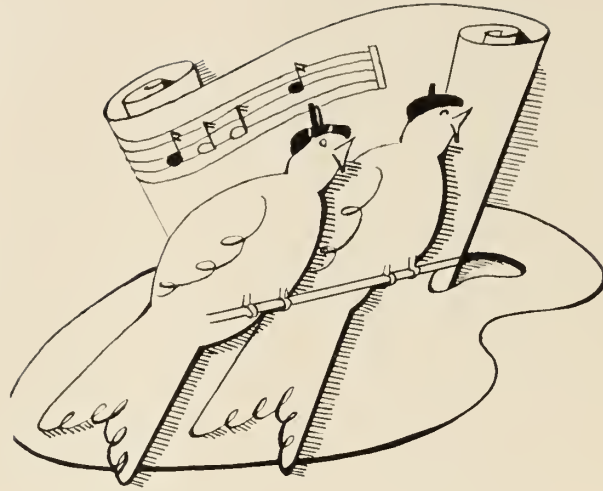
## *Mascart Theatre*

ONTRARY to public opinion, Mascart is far from a dead organization. All activities taking place on the stage of the auditorium are responsible to Mascart. Most of the stage lighting and equipment used on such occasions is owned by Mascart. Mascart has prompted the school's costume design department to the gradual accumulation of an enviable and versatile supply of stage costumes . . . Mascart need not be obvious to flourish.

In January of this year Mascart offered gratis for the enjoyment of the school an evening's performance by Sue Hastings' world famous troupe of marionettes. An intelligent handful of students gratefully accepted Mascart's invitation, and were well rewarded.

As this goes to press, Mr. Robert Delaney, who needs no introduction to the school, has just arrived from New York to be with us the remaining two months of school. By producing a few one-act plays with casts selected mainly from the lower classes, he hopes to prepare the personnel of Mascart for a larger and more active season this coming year.

DONALD MOSS, '38



## The Glee Club

**E**ACH Monday afternoon our loyal band of Glee Club members has met in the auditorium for the brief but joyful hour of a bit of vocalizing in every way, shape, and manner. The first half of the year we spent under the enlightening directorship of Mr. Marier, who successfully coached us to provide music for Armistice Day and the Christmas pageant. The latter half of the year we have been under the supervision of Mr. Bleau, whose ability as a fine singer is an incentive for our own improvement. With Mr. Bleau's aid we gave an assembly of folk songs with a peppy round or two.

An assembly program is required now and then, but we have the best times at our weekly meetings when we can relax and sing merely for the fun of it. The hall may not vibrate with the volume of a hundred voices, but the spirit with which we sing more than makes up for our small number. It is our hope that the club will multiply its numbers in the future, and that more will join us in finding out what's in a song.

HARRIET ROSS, '39

## The Orchestra

THE Freshman Ensemble, organized and directed by Dean Murray, made its first appearance before the assembly on Smock Day, the annual initiation of the freshman class. The ensemble represented its class by answering the welcome address with "Forget-Me-Nots."

The small orchestra has had a large year. For several months, under Miss Murray's tutelage, its cellist, pianist, and two violinists provided "atmosphere" at assemblies. During Christmas week orchestral music floated through the school halls, while artists, turned carollers, lined the staircases and filled the lobby with song. Entertaining at the Christmas spread brought the ensemble's first term activities to a climax.

The coming of the new year marked the advent of a new director. Mr. Bleau is preparing the group to play at the Commencement exercises in June. On two important occasions during the year the freshman orchestra joined with that of the upper classes; the Armistice Day program and the Todd Lecture provided opportunity for display of their combined efforts.

KATHLEEN BURNS, '41



# The Craft Guild

THE Craft Guild was organized for the purpose of giving those interested a better understanding of hand crafts and the opportunity of contacting craftsmen who are in the crafts field professionally or as a hobby.

The Guild's first function, an "Invitation Social," introduced new members to the organization.

Miss Lennon and Miss Phillips lectured on blockprinting, explaining its many uses and demonstrating the complete process of making a print.

In collaboration with the Junior Eastern Arts Association of Boston, the Guild presented the Red Gate Players in a successful shadowgraph performance.

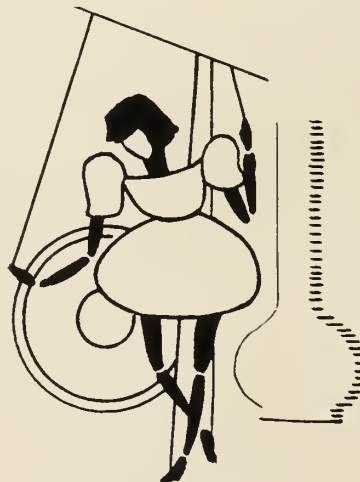
An interesting feature of the Christmas Spread was the Guild's grouping of holiday table decorations and its presentation of a continuous shadowgraph performance.

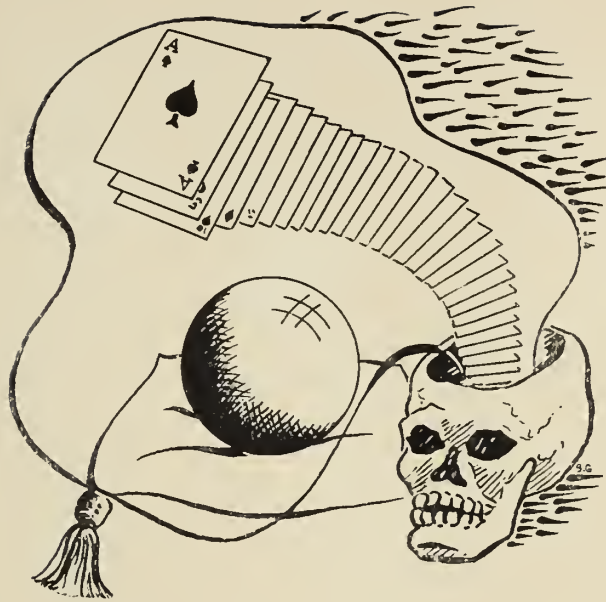
Mrs. Timmins, a collector of old boxes, presented a fascinating talk on the variety of uses for them.

Mr. Svenson, a well-known woodcarver, exhibited his work and gave a short demonstration of woodcarving before the group.

The Guild closes shop with an exhibition of work by members, having chosen woodcarving as a craft for the spring.

THEODORE MEINELT, '38





## *The Magic Club*

FAMILIAR art school figures steal noiselessly down the darkening corridors to their sanctum sanctorum where none but the initiate dare enter. In the gloomy shadows they practice their art. Bats hover above their heads, beating their wings ominously. Bunnies appear and disappear, hopping from tall silk hats with the ease that comes of long experience. Fumbling hands grow skillful in the manipulation of cards, coins, large kerchiefs, and ropes. Pieces of ribbon or newspaper, snipped in two, are mysteriously restored at the command of the snipper. It's Thursday afternoon again, and Magic holds sway.

Not Klingsor's magic this, nor that of Mephistopholes, but that rare skill which is developed by long hours of try, try again. May art students continue forever, by an esoteric wave of the hand and the reciting of the necessary abracadabra, to supply Easter eggs, bunnies, and silken mufflers.

MARY YOUNG, '38

# The Fencing Club

**T**HE Fencing Club offers to the school the thrill of the thrust, the parry, the touche. Those who accept the challenge know these thrills, the exciting hard keen fun to be had once the game is mastered.

The members have found space to practice between the easels, and have started freshmen in this delightful game, a sport that they may carry out of school, on to their later lives.

EDWARD GOLDMAN, '38





## *The Camera Club*

*T*HE Camera Club is the youngest of the clubs. Amateur photography is now an established part of the school. We have a dark room, the necessary equipment, and a good supply of enthusiasm. Almost any afternoon, after school, members can be seen hurrying down to the dark room to mix chemicals, develop films, or become engrossed in the most interesting of all, — enlarging. Not only are the members finding photography a good hobby or sideline, but also a help in their art work. The club expects, in the near future, to hold exhibitions of its work in the school.

SHIRLEY THOMSON, '39

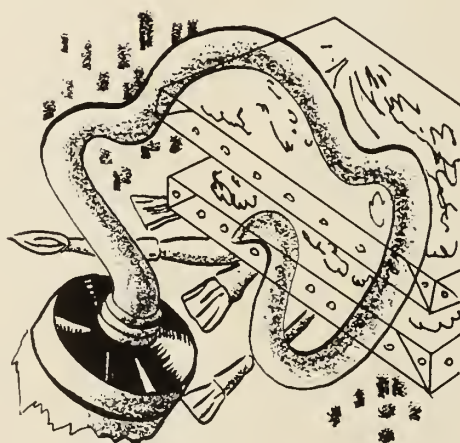
# Art School Associates

THE Art School Associates was incorporated in 1935, and in the same year moved from what is now the Student Association office to its present location. The enlarged quarters enabled the store to do a greater volume of trade, and each year this trade has grown. Through the cooperation of the faculty, the specific materials used by the students make up the greater amount of stock in the store. Because of a small overhead, the store is able to sell the needed supplies at reduced retail prices.

The profits are annually divided into nine scholarships, which are given to juniors and seniors. Employment as clerks is also provided for a number of students.

The board of directors is drawn from the faculty of the school, the president of the Massachusetts School of Art serving as president of the board of directors. On the board also is one member from each of the four classes.

LORNE CRAIG, '39



# The Year Book

**T**HIS actual printed and bound appearance of the year book seems perhaps more wonderful, more novel to us who made it than to you for whom it was conceived. We have long known intimately every word and separate drawing which adorn its pages; we have envisioned and revised and finally patterned after our will these same stubborn pages; and at times the penumbra of our labors seemed to merge and mingle with the shadowy tasks of Hercules. But now that it is out of our hands, now that it is printed, the year book contains, we sense, something above and beyond what we put into it; and all our enormous labor seems strangely remote and unreal. Like a painting exhibited, like a play on opening night, the book has acquired a personality, a magic quality of its own, transcending its first humble beginnings among the type faces and the layout paper and the first drafts. And to us, in our pride, it seems very brave and bright and new.

And when other year books shall come, to date its newness and dim its brightness, we hope that it may still be sincere and significant, a book to represent us worthily among those that have gone before and are yet to come, in the chain of "great dreams before us and deeds as great behind." As we look through old year books, marvelling at that strange race which wore its skirts and its hair so curiously, we find glimpses and hints and fragments of a timeless quality to add to the picture of our school and ourselves as of the school. And it will be enough if in this, our year book, we achieve for ourselves and our times and our school a like measure of such quaint immortality.

SUSAN RICHERT, '39

# Acknowledgments

*T*O members of the Year Book Staff, especially to our new faculty advisor, Mr. Roubound, and to all others whose cooperation, assistance, and advice have made this book possible, the Editor takes this opportunity of expressing her thanks and sincere appreciation. A very large part of the credit of this book goes to Gordon Mayo, Boniface Soliwocki, and Leonard Sansone, who had charge of the layout; to Susan Richert and Beatrice Holmes, the Literary Editors; and also to Vincent Ostrand. Other acknowledgments are to Nathaniel Jacobson, for the introduction to the Drawing and Painting Department; to Beatrice Holmes for her illustration of "Snow White"; to Bette Magnuson, for her decoration of "The Hindu Ballet"; to Elizabeth Howard, for the introduction to the Costume Design Department; to Norman Brule, for his introduction to the Teacher Training Department; and to Harold Rosenbloom. Credit is also due Victor Sindoni, for the End piece and the Ex-libris; Phyllis Foster, for the title page; and again Gordon Mayo, for the introduction to the General Design Department and the jacket design.

## Yearbook Staff

|                         |                                                                                |                                          |
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*In Presenting* the following insert, we are displaying student work representative of our school. The work was chosen because we felt that its original merit would be enhanced by reproduction in this special section.



"LITTLE JOHN"

VICTOR SINDONI, *Junior Drawing and Painting*



CATHERINE CLANCY, *Senior Costume Illustration*

HELEN NORDIN,  
*Senior Costume Illustration*



LOUISA PIKE  
*Senior Costume Illustration*

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*Senior Drawing and Painting*



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*Junior Drawing and Painting*





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*Junior Drawing and Painting*



SHIRLEY THOMSON

*Junior Drawing and Painting*



*Interior GORDON MAYO, Senior General Design*



*PHYLLIS FOSTER, Senior General Design*



*ANNE LEVY, Senior General Design*



*Fortune Magazine Cover*

*FRANCES CHAMBERLIN, Senior General Design*



*Portrait*

ALLISON MACOMBER, *Modeling*

## Enchantment

E are quite lost by now —  
Do not trouble to pity us.  
We have forsaken the dusty ways of the world  
For the mansions of Beauty.  
She has called us in to paint her portrait,  
Laughing idly and playing with a bit of lace.  
Here is a painting we will labor over forever,  
Nor reaching even the shadow of her face.  
We are so happily lost.  
Choosing our brushes with rapt concentration,  
We have forsaken all but this lady named Beauty —  
Do not trouble to pity us.

JOAN DREW, '38

# Senior Favorites

**ARCHITECTURE**  
Past — Taj Mahal  
Present — Radio City

**BIOGRAPHY** — Stone's Lust for Life

**CARTOONIST** — Dahl

**COMEDY** — Amphytrion 38

**COLOR** — Blue

**COMPOSER**  
Past — Beethoven  
Present — Sibelius

**COMPOSITION**  
Past — Moonlight Sonata  
Present — Finlandia

**ETCHER**  
Past — Whistler  
Present — Pennell

**FLOWER** — Gardenia

**HOBBY** — Photography

**ILLUSTRATOR**  
Past — Daumier  
Present — Norman Rockwell

**MAGAZINE**  
General — Fortune  
Style — Vogue  
Art Technical —  
Gebrauchsgraphik  
Weekly — Life

**MEDIUM** — Water color

**MOTION PICTURE**  
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

**MOTION PICTURE ACTOR** — Dopey

**MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS** — Garbo

**MYTH** — The Idylls of the King

**MYTHOLOGICAL CHARACTER** —  
Robin Hood

**NOVELIST** — Kenneth Roberts

**OPERA**  
Light — The Firefly  
Grand — La Traviata

**PAINTER**  
Past — Rembrandt  
Present — Picasso

**PAINTING**  
Past — Blue Boy  
Present — Speicher's Anna

**POEM**  
Long — In Memoriam  
Short — Congo

**SCULPTOR**  
Past — Rodin  
Present — Dallin

**SCULPTURE**  
Past — The Kiss  
Present — Dallin's Paul Revere

**SHORT STORY** —  
Dickens' Christmas Carol

**TRAGEDY** — Othello

# Freshman Favorites

ARCHITECTURE  
Past — Parthenon  
Present — Lincoln Memorial

BIOGRAPHY —  
Merejkowski's Leonardo da Vinci

CARTOONIST — Walt Disney

COMEDY — The School for Scandal

COLOR — Blue green

COMPOSER  
Past — Wagner  
Present — Rudolf Friml

COMPOSITION  
Past — Schubert's Serenade  
Present — Ravel's Bolero

ETCHER  
Past — Rembrandt  
Present — Frank Benson

FLOWER — Calla lily

HOBBY — Dancing

ILLUSTRATOR  
Past — Howard Pyle  
Present — J. C. Leyendecker

MAGAZINE  
General — The Reader's Digest  
Style — Vogue  
Art Technical — Art Digest  
Weekly —  
The Saturday Evening Post

MEDIUM — Water Color

MOTION PICTURE — Emile Zola

MOTION PICTURE ACTOR —  
Spencer Tracy

MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS —  
Luise Rainer

MYTH — The Nibelungenlied

MYTHOLOGICAL CHARACTER — Pan

NOVELIST — Charles Dickens

OPERA  
Light — The Mikado  
Grand — Lohengrin

PAINTER  
Past — Rembrandt  
Present — Sargent

PAINTING  
Past — Mona Lisa  
Present — Homer's All's Well

POEM  
Long — The Rubaiyat  
Short — Silver

SCULPTOR  
Past — Michelangelo  
Present — Dallin

SCULPTURE  
Past — The Winged Victory  
of Samothrace  
Present —  
The Appeal to the Great Spirit

SHORT STORY —  
The Pit and the Pendulum

TRAGEDY — Romeo and Juliet



*The End*







